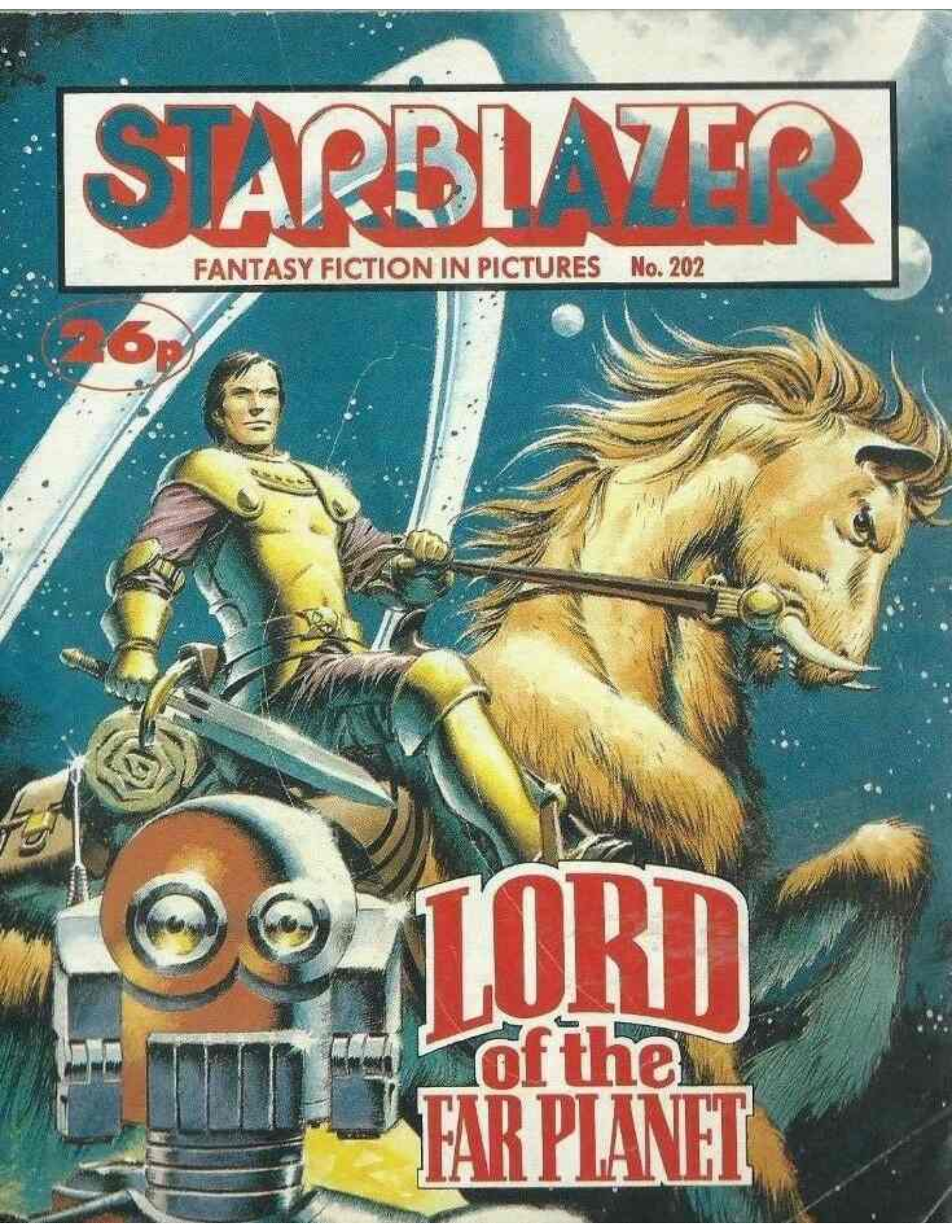


STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 202

26p



LORD
of the
FAR PLANET

We at "Starblazer" want to bring you the very best in Fantasy Fiction. To do that we need *your* help.

So that we can produce the kind of stories you want to read, please fill in the questionnaire on this page and send it to "Starblazer", D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.

If you don't want to cut your issue of "Starblazer", you can copy the questionnaire onto a sheet of paper.

And there's a chance to win a full-colour print of one of our new-style wraparound covers!

The senders of the ten letters which we judge to be the most informative will each receive one of the prints. We want to hear from you NOW!

Name **Age**

Address

What kind of science fiction do you most enjoy? Please tick appropriate boxes. If you dislike any type of story, place a cross in the box.	SUPERHEROES <input type="checkbox"/>	FANTASY <input type="checkbox"/>
	DUNGEONS <input type="checkbox"/>	SWORD AND <input type="checkbox"/>
	AND DRAGONS <input type="checkbox"/>	SORCERY <input type="checkbox"/>
	POST <input type="checkbox"/>	HORROR <input type="checkbox"/>
	HOLOCAUST <input type="checkbox"/>	STAR WARS <input type="checkbox"/>
	ADVENTURE <input type="checkbox"/>	DR. WHO <input type="checkbox"/>
	HUMOUR <input type="checkbox"/>	MYSTERY <input type="checkbox"/>

Where do you normally buy your STARBLAZER? _____

Which is your favourite STARBLAZER story? _____

Which is your favourite character? _____

Which is your favourite science fiction movie? _____

Have you any comments to make about STARBLAZER... good or bad? _____

LORD OF THE FAR PLANET

OUTWARD BOUND FROM PLANET EARTH,
DRIVEN AT SUBLIGHT SPEED BY THE
SLUGGISH PUSH OF ION MOTORS,
BATTERED BY AN ENCOUNTER WITH A
METEOR STORM, THE VESSEL NAMED
'TELURIAN QUEST' CAME INTO THE MATAR
SYSTEM ... FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER
DEPARTURE ...

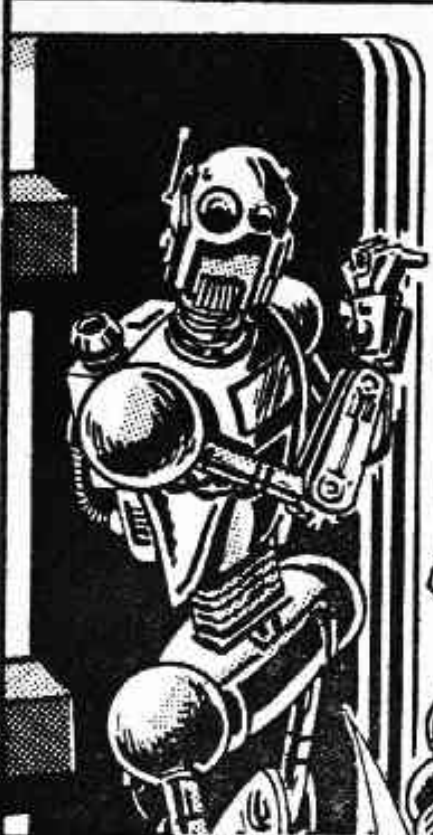


MANTLE OF HYDROGEN IN GAS AND
LIQUID FORM, SURFACE
TEMPERATURE OF 1200 DEGREES
— UNSUITED FOR HUMAN
HABITATION.



SO YOU CAN GET US CLOSE TO ONLY TWO OTHER PLANTS BEFORE THIS SHIP PLUNGES INTO THE SUN. NOT AT ALL SATISFACTORY, CAPTAIN.

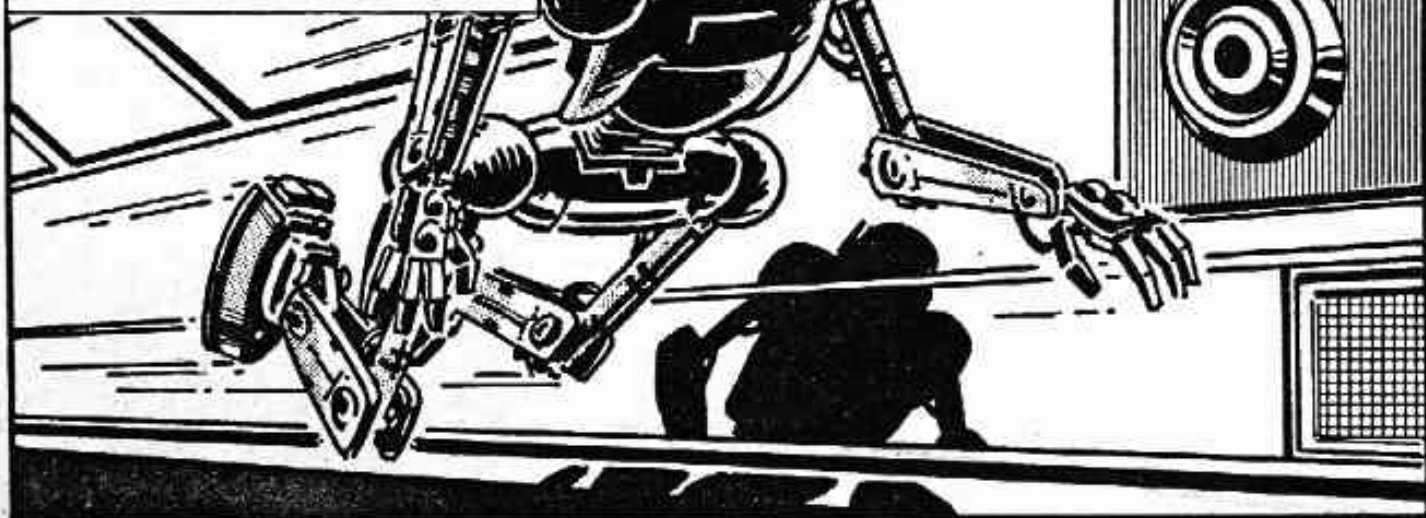
MEDTECH, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LOOK AFTER ONE HUMAN UNIT. YOU'D KNOW WHAT PROBLEMS ARE IF YOU WERE A TYPE-SIX SHIPBOARD-ROBOMECH LEFT ON YOUR OWN FOR OVER FIVE CENTURIES NURSING ALONG THIS CRIPPLED HULK.



THAT'S RIGHT, CLEAR OFF — AND GET YOUR UNIT OUT OF THE EXERCISE COMPARTMENT BEFORE I TURN OFF THE GRAVITATION. YOU'VE HAD YOUR QUOTA OF POWER FOR A DAY PERIOD.

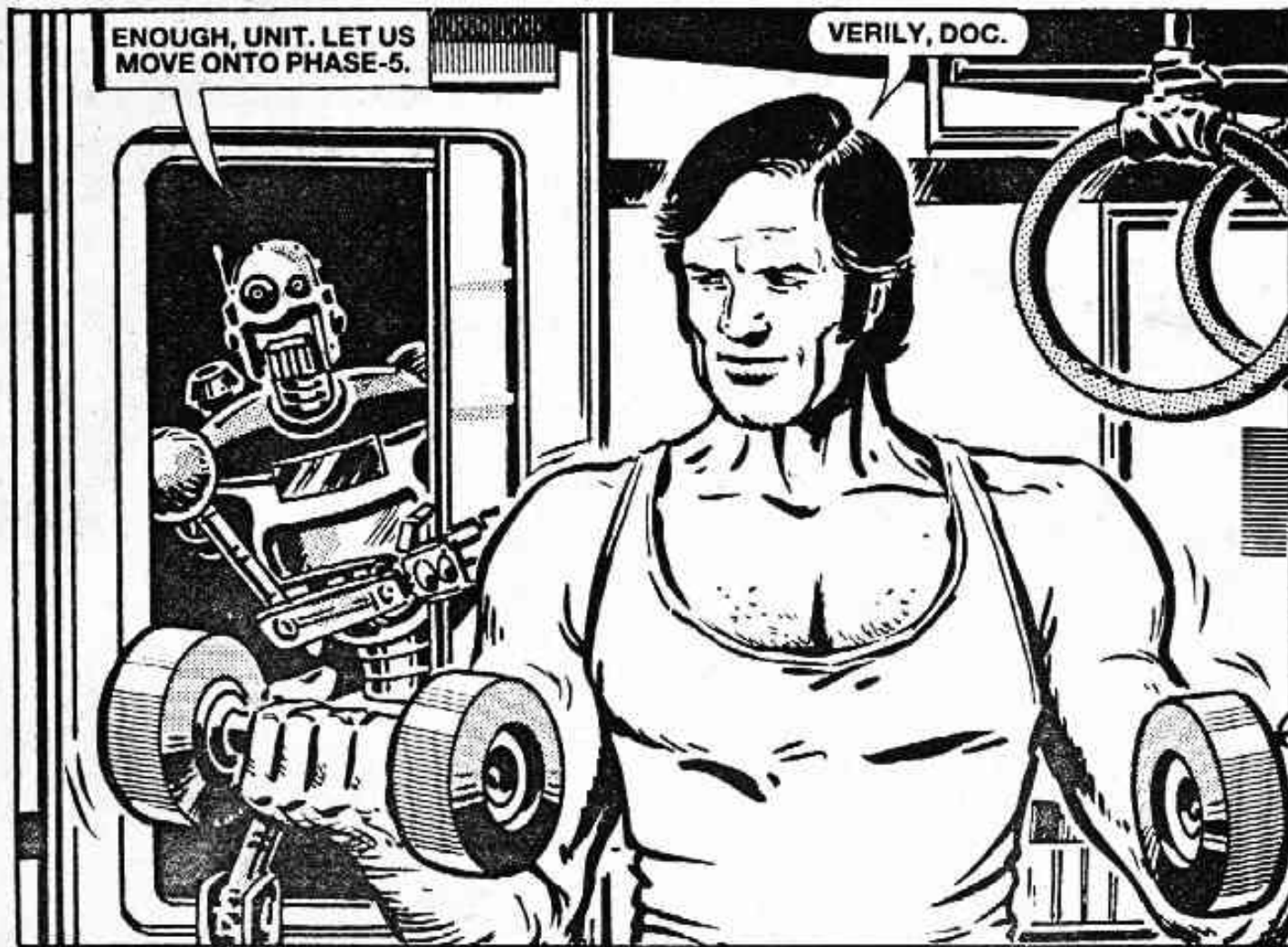
KLIKLIK — UNREASONABLE LOW-GRADE MECHANIC.

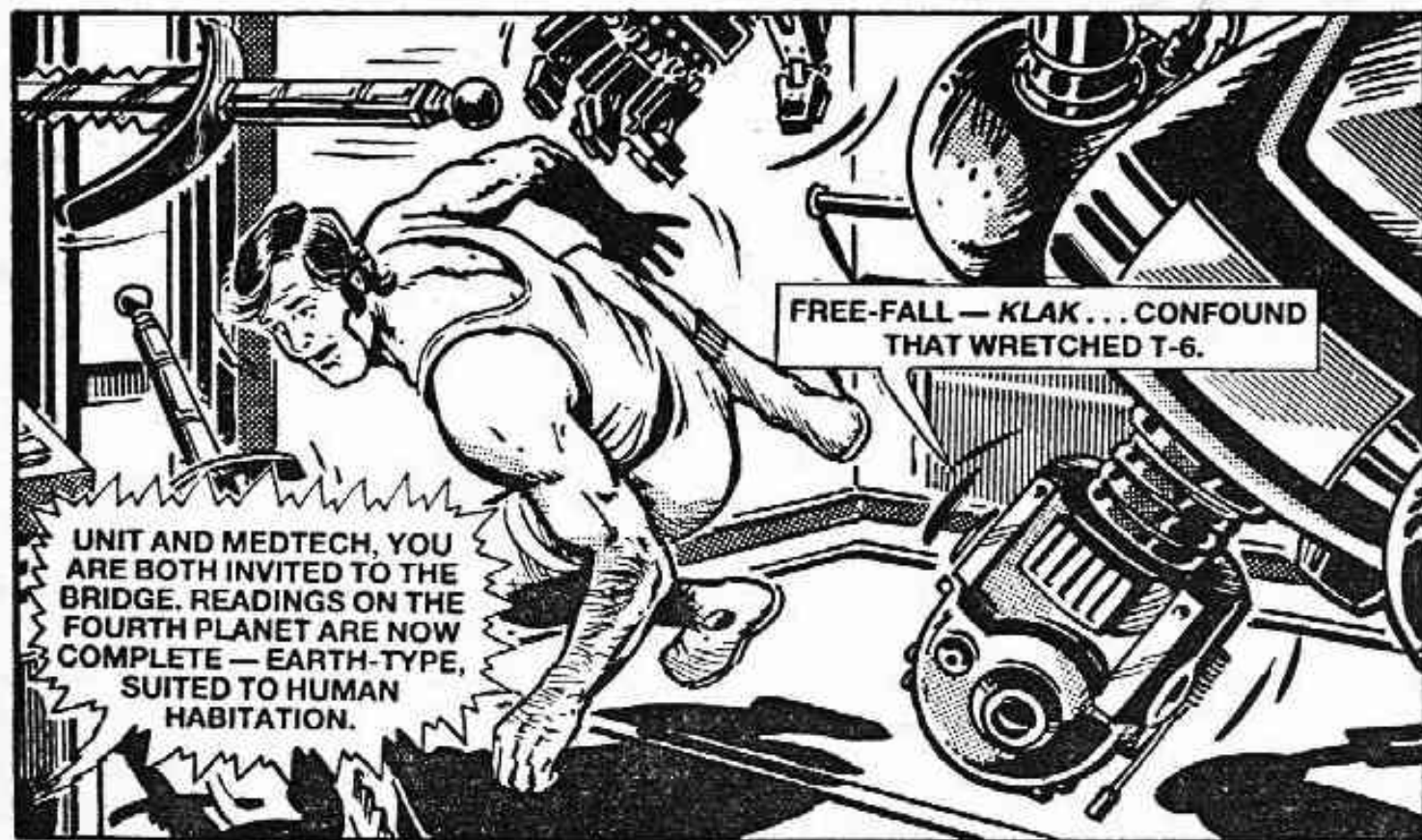
**KLAK — PAH! AS IF IT WERE EASY
TO REAR A HUMAN UNIT,
BUILDING UP THE CREATURE
AGAINST THE WEAKENING
EFFECT OF FREE-FALL,
EDUCATING IT WITH WHAT LITTLE
I COULD SALVAGE FROM THAT
FIRE-GUTTED LIBRARY . . . KLOK.**



**ENOUGH, UNIT. LET US
MOVE ONTO PHASE-5.**

VERILY, DOC.





ON THE FLIGHTDECK—

I LACK THE FUEL TO EFFECT A LANDING. YOU MUST BE GONE BY LIFERAFT IN THE TWENTY-TWO MINUTES BEFORE WE SWING PAST.

I SHALL PREPARE — BUT FIRST MY FAREWELL TO THOSE WHO WILL NOT BE COMING WITH ME.

I LEAVE YOU, MY KIN AND COMPANIONS. I GO TO THE LONELINESS TO WHICH I WAS CONDEMNED BY THE METEOR-STRIKE THAT TOOK AWAY YOUR LIFE-SUPPORT. TO YOU ALL — GOODBYE!



MY OWN RESTING PLACE DURING THE DECADES I LAY FROZEN TILL ROUSED BY THE ONLY REMAINING MEDTECH — MY CUBICLE THAT MAINTAINED LIFE-SUPPORT WHILE THE OTHERS FAILED.

UNIT
106 A 34

ONE HUMAN SURVIVOR MADE READY TO ABANDON TELURIAN QUEST ...

A PITY THOSE LIBRARY DISCS DIDN'T HAVE MORE DETAIL ON KNIGHTLY ATTIRE.

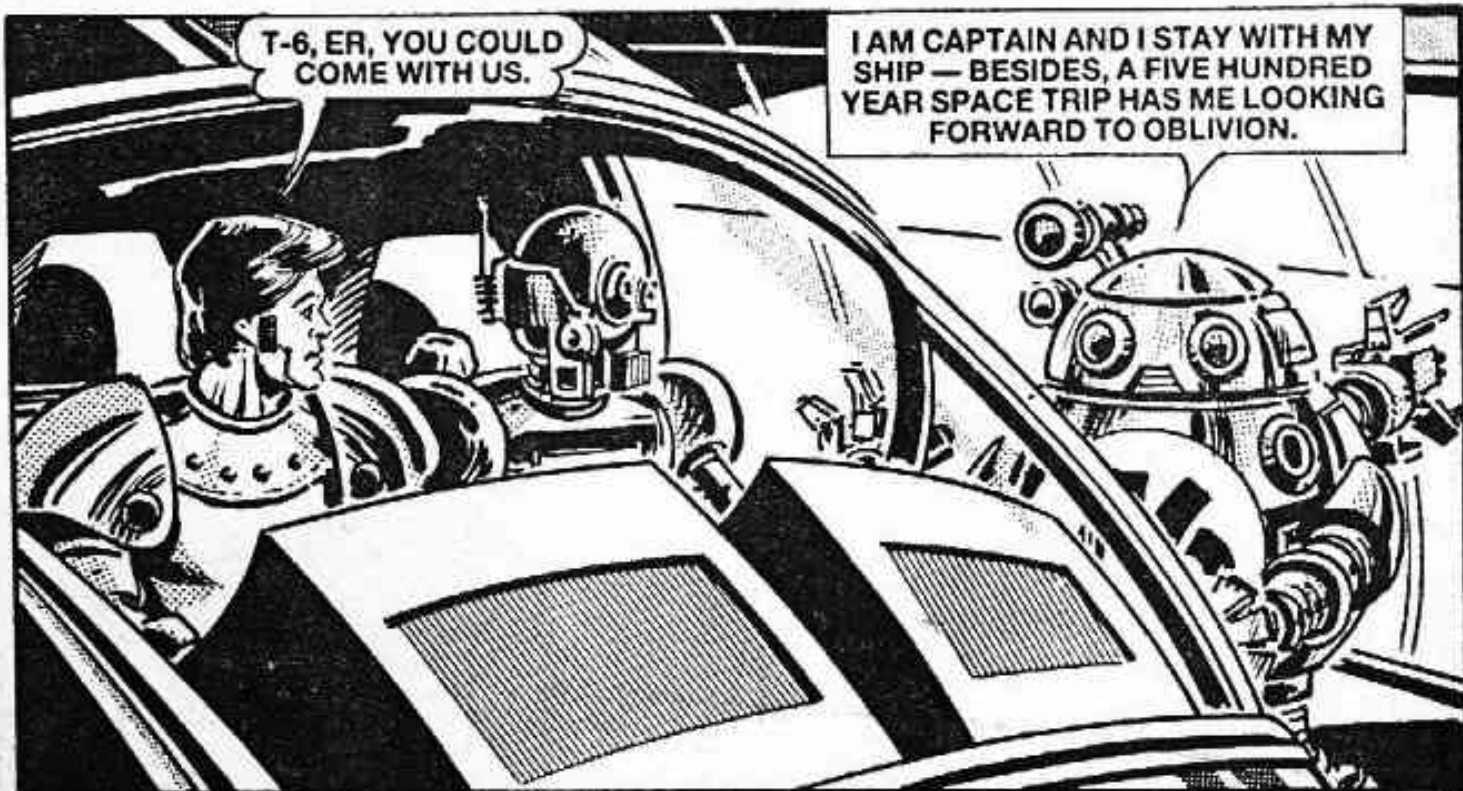
HERE'S A PRESENT FROM ME — A SLICER FASHIONED FROM MY LAST INGOT OF TRIKANIUM.

T-6, GOOD FRIEND, TO YOU SHALL I DEDICATE THE SLAYING OF MY FIRST DRAGON.

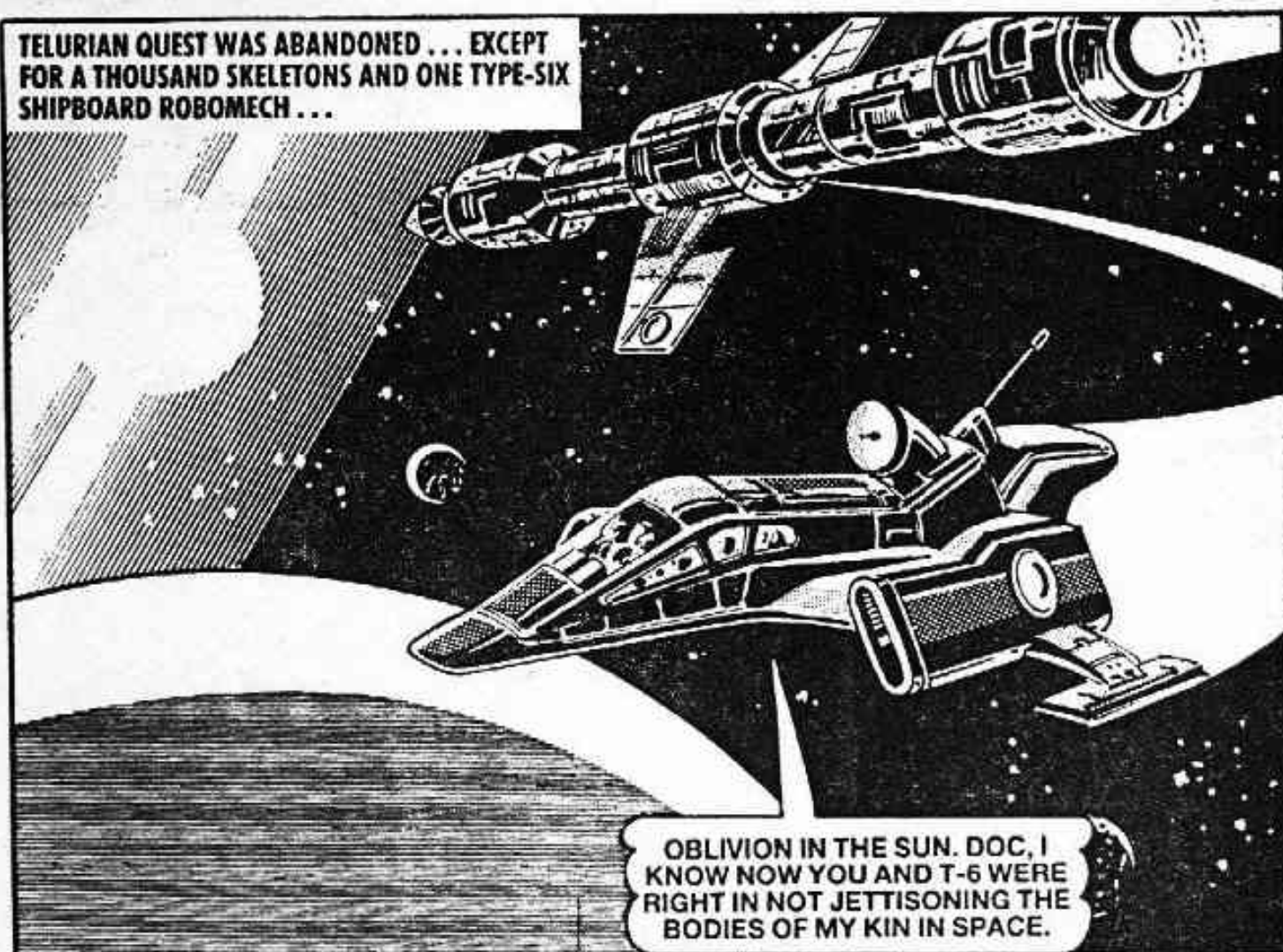
THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, UNIT.

LIFERAFT
ATION 10

T6



TELURIAN QUEST WAS ABANDONED ... EXCEPT FOR A THOUSAND SKELETONS AND ONE TYPE-SIX SHIPBOARD ROBOMECH ...



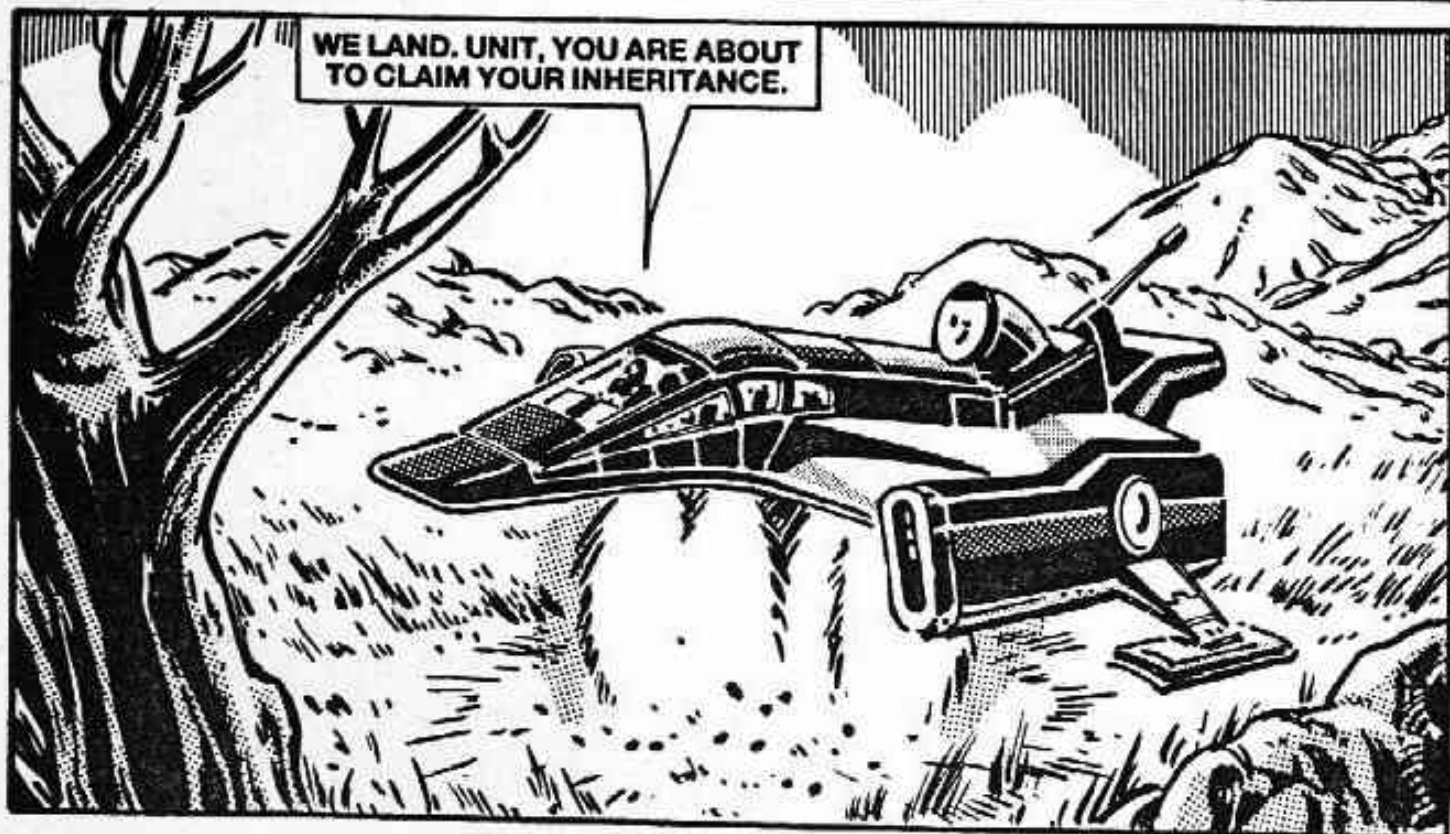


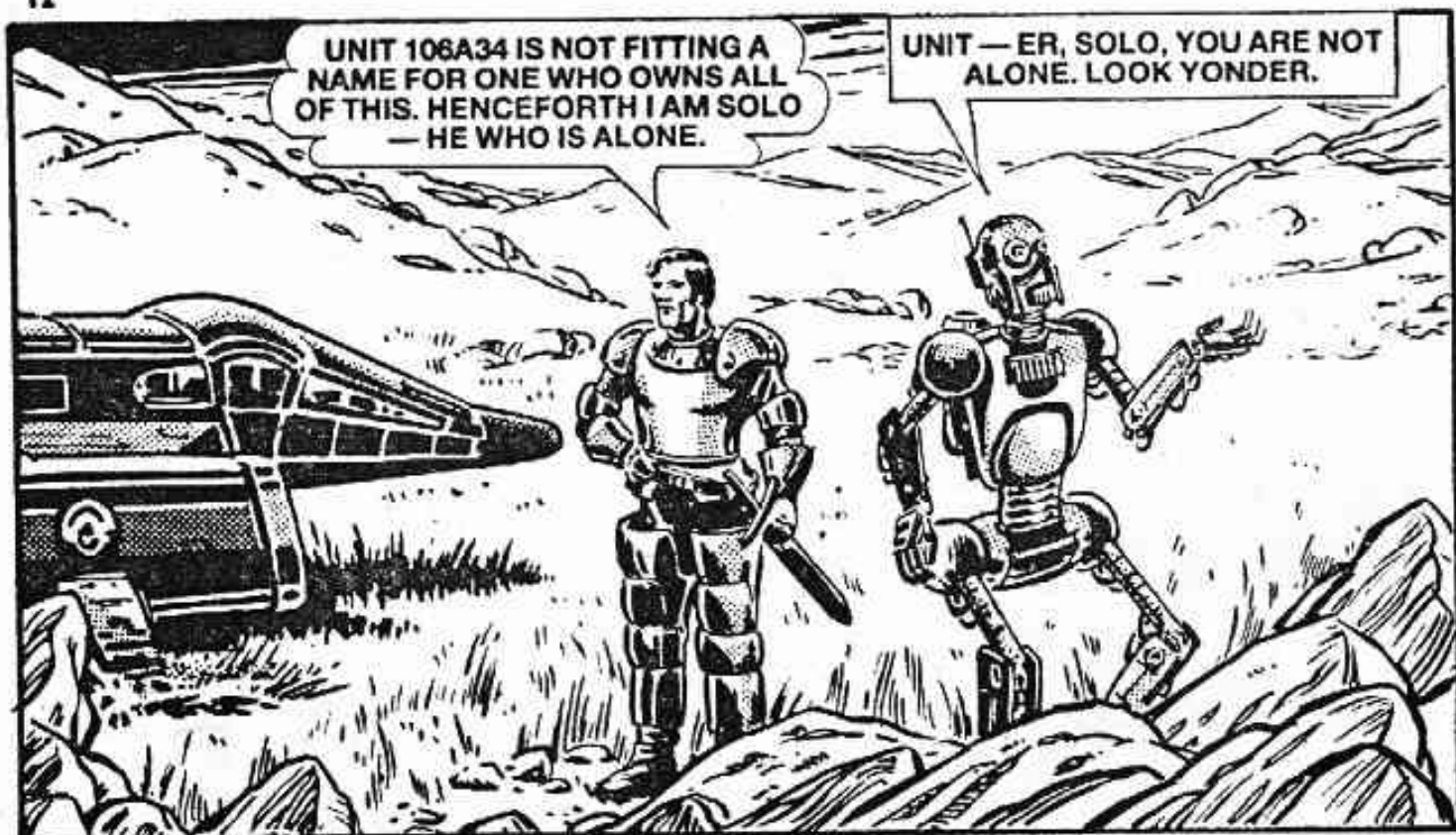
THE LIFERAFT BROKE THROUGH CLOUD ...

RIVERS, WOODLANDS, PLAINS OF
GRASS ... IT IS AS I REMEMBER
TERRA LONG AGO.

A SIGHT UNSEEN BY ME. I WAS
CONSTRUCTED ON SPACELAB-
SIXER.

WE LAND. UNIT, YOU ARE ABOUT
TO CLAIM YOUR INHERITANCE.







I AM WRONG! THEY ARE BIPEDS
RIDING QUADRUPEDS IN THE
MANNER OF KNIGHTS UPON
BRAVE CHARGERS.

THOSE BIPEDS
LOOK ALMOST HUMAN.

WHO ARE YOU? WHY DO YOU
TRESPASS ON GAVCHAK LAND?

THEY EVEN SPEAK
STANDARD TERRAN.



I AM SOLO, LAWFUL RULER
OF THE FAR PLANET,
TRUE LORD OF ALL WHO
DWELL HEREIN.

THAT'LL
BE RIGHT!

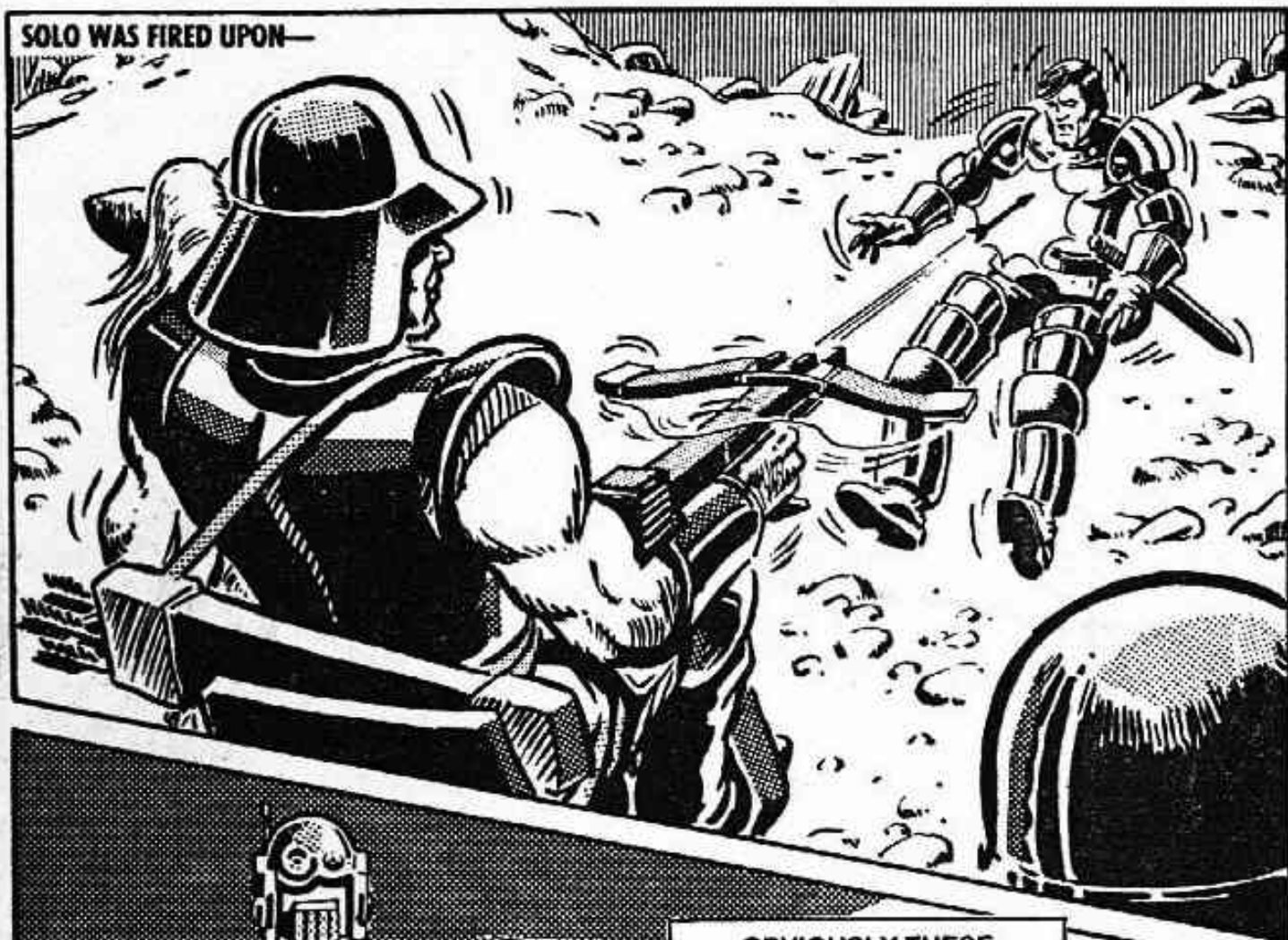


SHOULD BE USEFUL
SCRAP IN THAT OLD
ROCKET-BURNER AND
THE ROBOT.

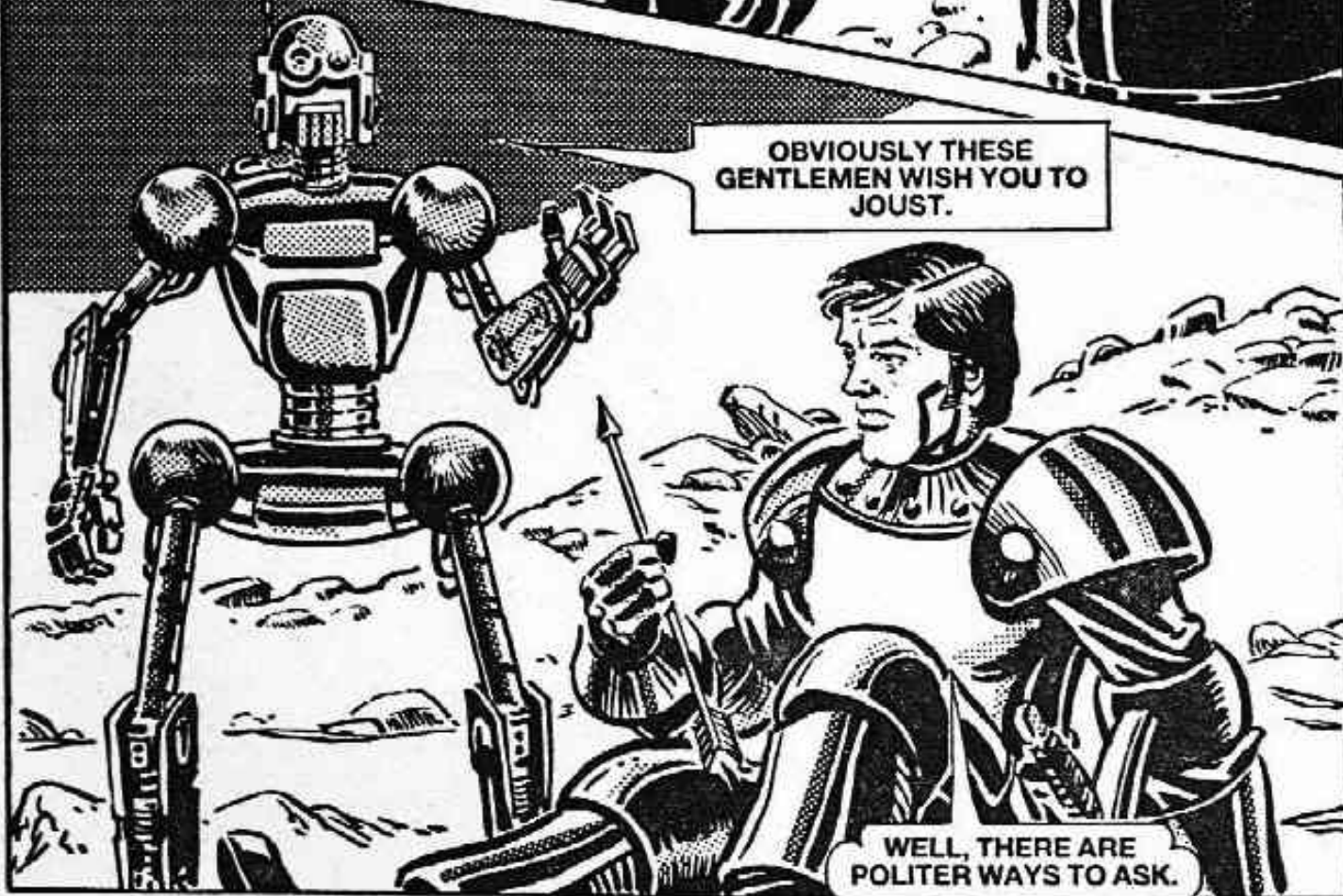
THE CHIEF WILL
BE PLEASED.



SOLO WAS FIRED UPON—



OBVIOUSLY THESE
GENTLEMEN WISH YOU TO
JOUST.



WELL, THERE ARE
POLITER WAYS TO ASK.



AT LEAST I HAVE TAUGHT
MY UNIT HOW TO BEHAVE
IN COMPANY.



A... SOLO!



THEY FLEE... JUST AS I
WAS GETTING WARMED
UP.

CRAVEN CURS, BUT NO
MATTER — WE HAVE OTHER
VISITORS.

A CRUISER HOVE INTO VIEW —

A PACK OF GAVCHAK'S
BULLIES ROUTED BY A
KID ... I DON'T BELIEVE
WHAT WE SAW.



COME YOU
IN PEACE?

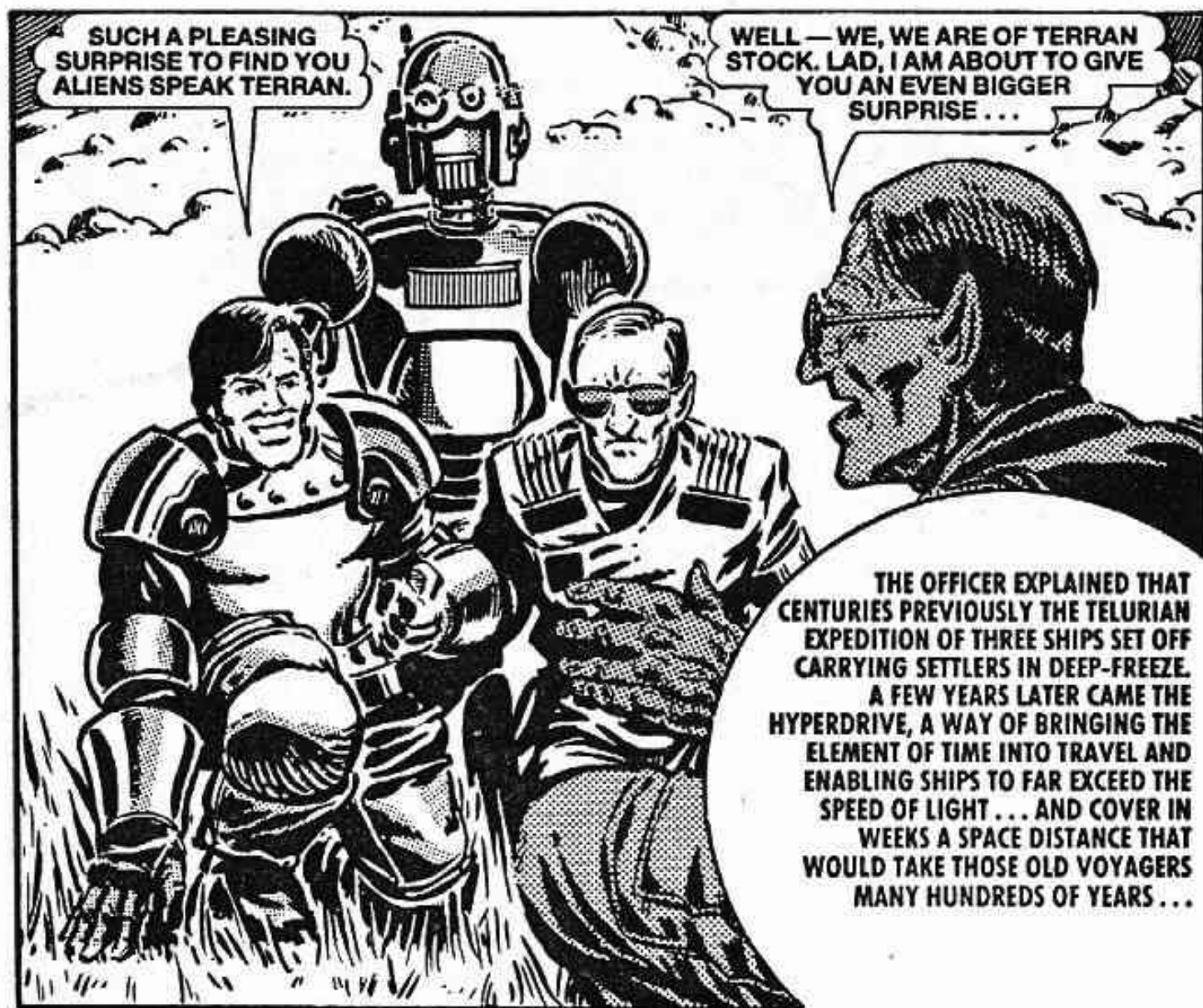
DEFINITELY, YOUNG
FELLOW. THE PURPOSE OF
THE GALACTIC POLICE IS
COMPLETELY PEACEFUL.





SEP — LOOK!
THAT NAME!

SHADES OF SCORPIUS!
IS IT REALLY POSSIBLE?



SUCH A PLEASING
SURPRISE TO FIND YOU
ALIENS SPEAK TERRAN.

WELL — WE, WE ARE OF TERRAN
STOCK. LAD, I AM ABOUT TO GIVE
YOU AN EVEN BIGGER
SURPRISE ...

THE OFFICER EXPLAINED THAT
CENTURIES PREVIOUSLY THE TELURIAN
EXPEDITION OF THREE SHIPS SET OFF
CARRYING SETTLERS IN DEEP-FREEZE.
A FEW YEARS LATER CAME THE
HYPERDRIVE, A WAY OF BRINGING THE
ELEMENT OF TIME INTO TRAVEL AND
ENABLING SHIPS TO FAR EXCEED THE
SPEED OF LIGHT ... AND COVER IN
WEEKS A SPACE DISTANCE THAT
WOULD TAKE THOSE OLD VOYAGERS
MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS ...

YOU MEAN MY PEOPLE
PERISHED TO NO PURPOSE,
YET SOME WHO LEFT AFTER
US ARRIVED BEFORE?



THAT'S RIGHT, LAD. THE GALAXY
WAS OPENED UP, THOUSANDS OF
SYSTEMS WERE FOUND TO HAVE
LIFE-SUPPORTING PLANETS, AND
THERE WAS A RUSH TO GET OFF
OLD OVER-CROWDED EARTH.

THIS OLD VIDEODISC WILL NEED
CHECKING, BUT THE TELURIAN
CHARTER WAS NEVER REVOKED,
AND NO OFFICIAL DECREES OF
SETTLEMENT WERE EVER MADE
AFTERWARDS.



BY PROCYON! YOU
MEAN THE KID OWNS
THIS WHOLE
PLANET?



SO MY POOR UNIT WILL HAVE NO
USE FOR THIS CHARTER WHICH
BESTOWS THESE DOMAINS.

WHAT? LET ME HAVE
A LOOK AT THAT.



CHIEF GAVCHAK WILL BE
INTERESTED IN WHAT I
HAVE HEARD.



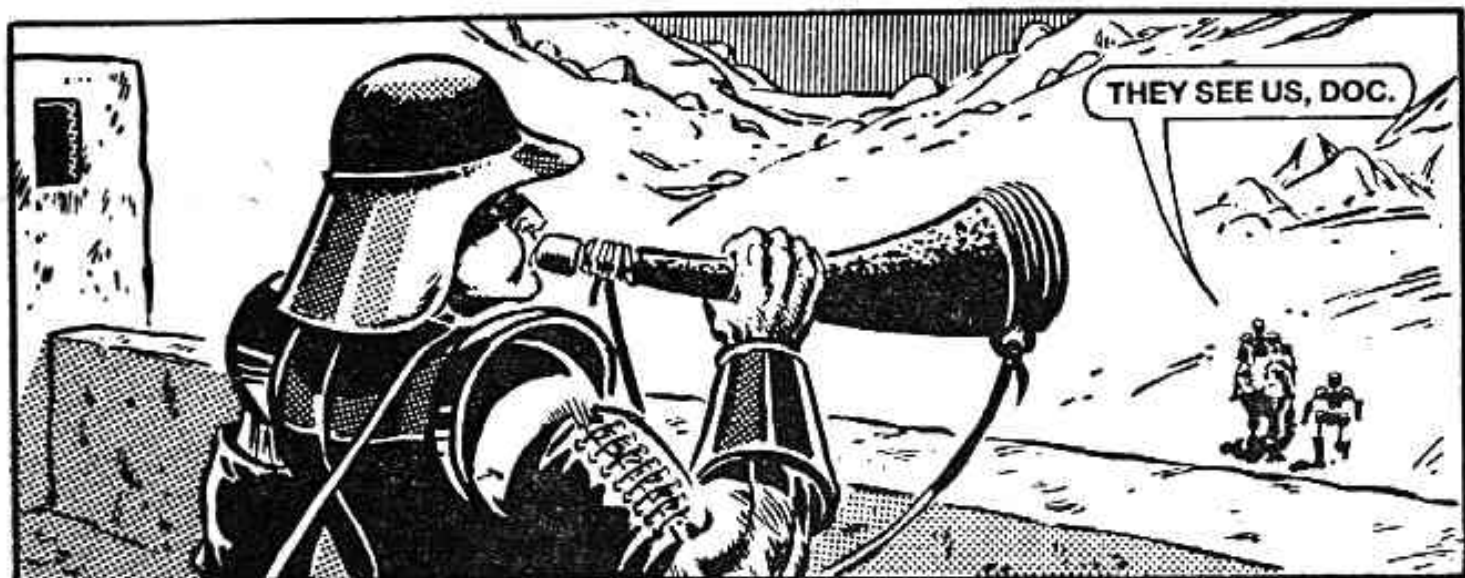
SON, WE KEEP A STATION HERE,
BUT WE DON'T INTERFERE IN LOCAL
AFFAIRS! IT'S A PLANET OF
DANGEROUS PEOPLE AND YOU'D
BE BETTER OFF COMING WITH US.

SIRRAH, I THANK
YOU, BUT YOU SAY I
AM THE LAWFUL
LORD AND I SHALL
ACT AS SUCH.









SOLO AND DOC PASSED CULTIVATION ...

RUDE PEASANTRY HAPPILY
LABOURING FOR THEIR LORD.

KLIK ... NO DOUBT
A LOCAL CUSTOM.



I AM GAVCHAK, WARLORD OF
THIS REGION, GREAT SOLO. I
WELCOME YOU TO MY HOUSE.

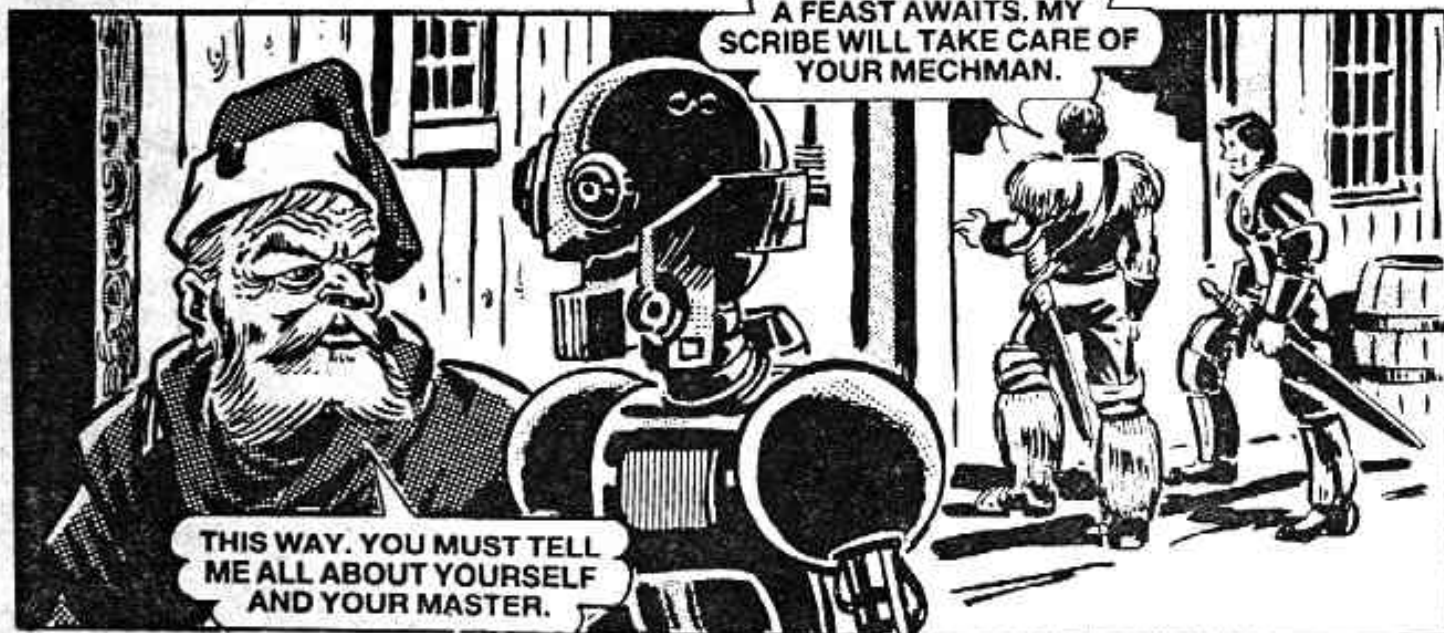


SOLO WAS WELCOMED . . .



A FEAST AWAITS. MY
SCRIBE WILL TAKE CARE OF
YOUR MECHMAN.

THIS WAY. YOU MUST TELL
ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF
AND YOUR MASTER.

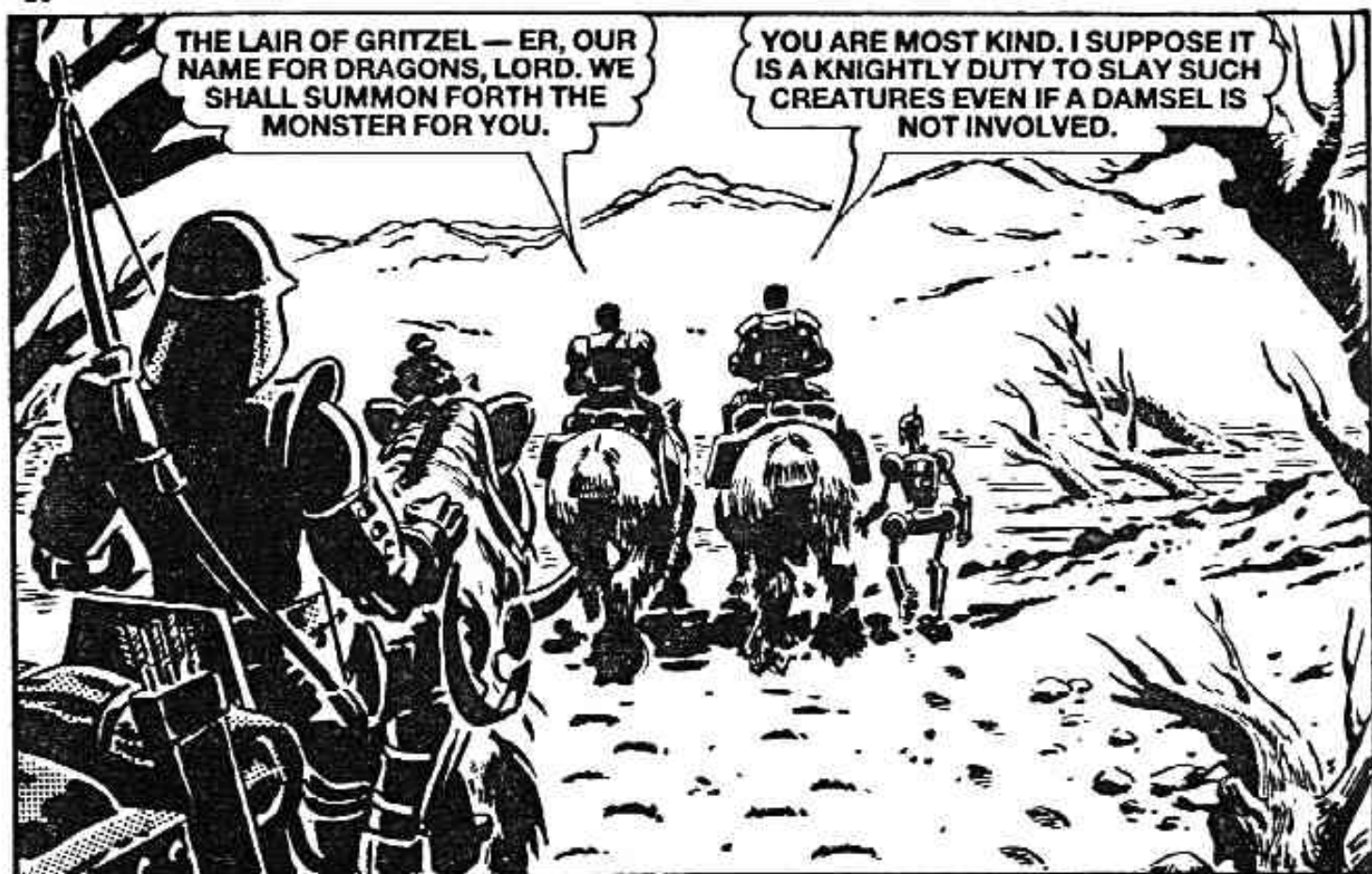


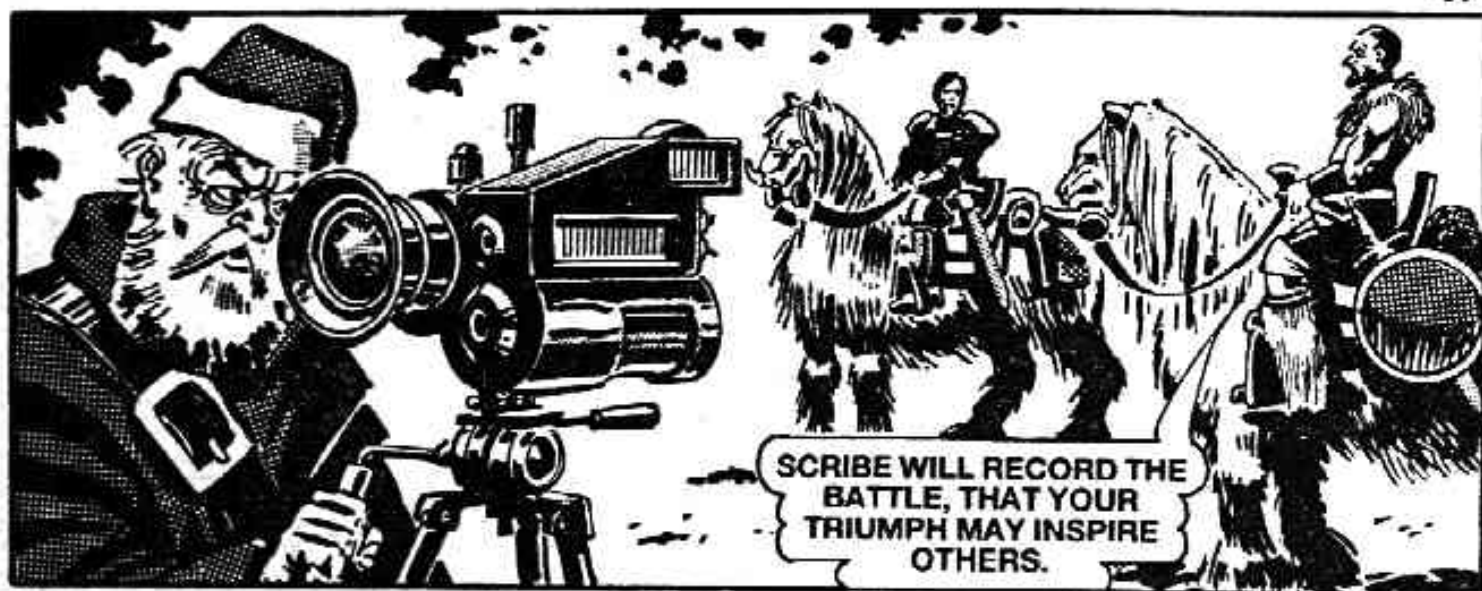












ONWARD TO GLORY, LORD SOLO.
THERE COMES YOUR DRAGON.

SOLO CHARGED ...

DOC, IT'S SO BIG ... AND
EVEN UGLIER THAN A
DAMSEL.

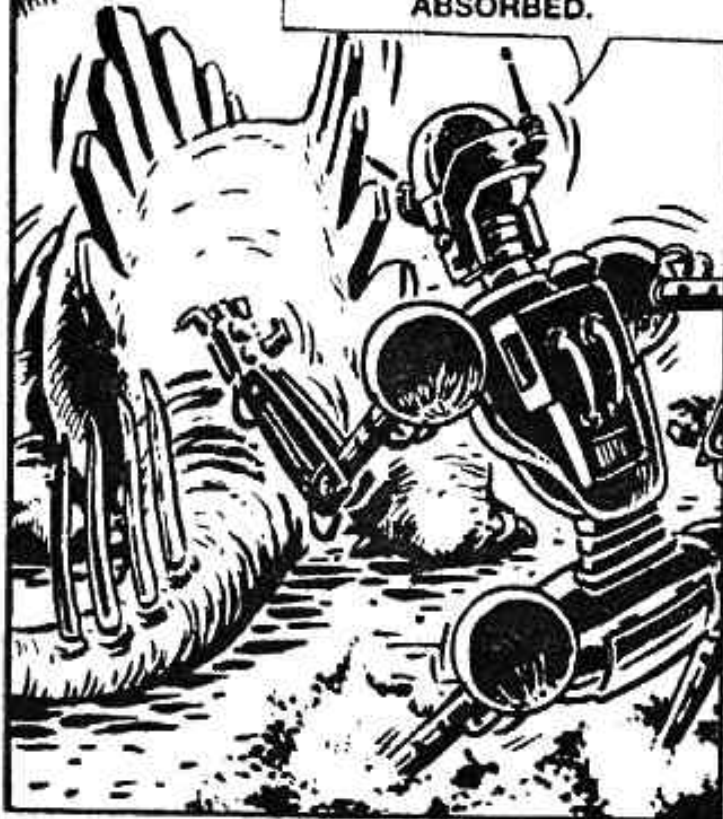








THE DRAGON IS OBVIOUSLY
CARNIVOROUS. UNIT SOLO
HAS BEEN COMPLETELY
ABSORBED.



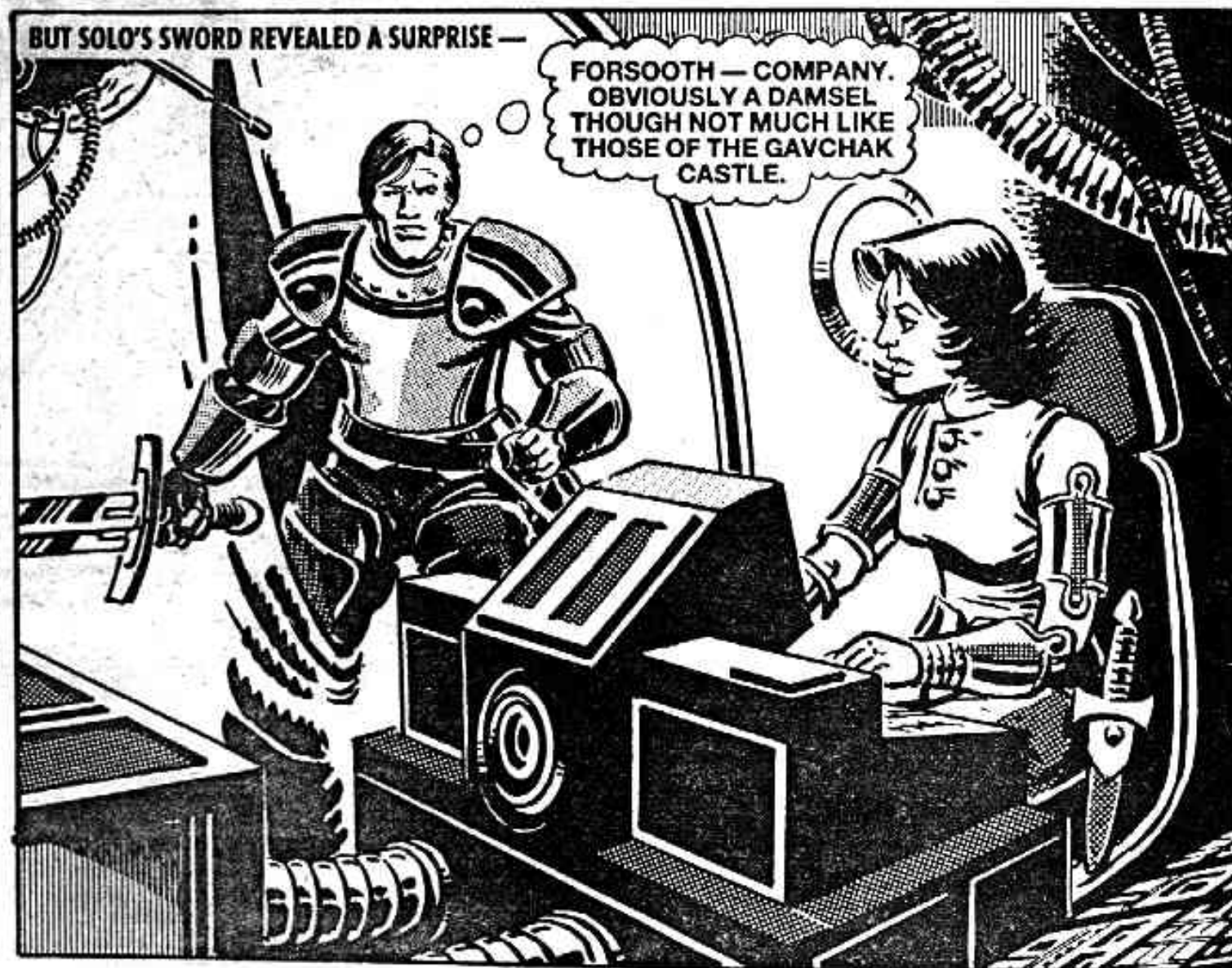
LADS, I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY
ADOPTED SON. THE HOUSEHOLD
WILL GO INTO MOURNING UPON
OUR RETURN.



SOLO WAS DRAWN INTO SMOKY DEPTHS OF THE DRAGON —



THE STOMACH OF THE DRAGON
— AND YONDER PULSATION
MUST BE THE BEATING OF ITS
FOUL HEART.





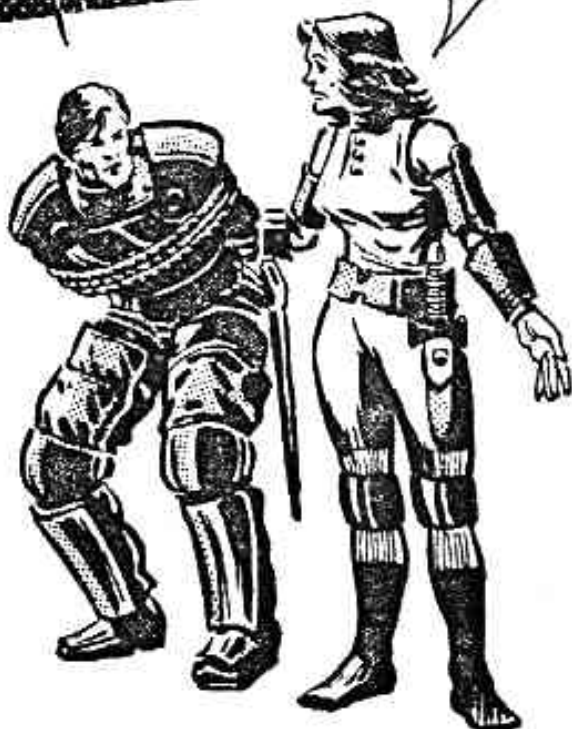
SOLO AWOKE ... HELPLESS ...

I AM INSIDE NO DRAGON. THIS IS SOME TYPE OF VESSEL. ODDSBLOOD. I HAVE BEEN TRICKED AND CHEATED.



WE ARE HALTED!

THAT'S BECAUSE WE HAVE ARRIVED, PUDDLE-BRAIN.



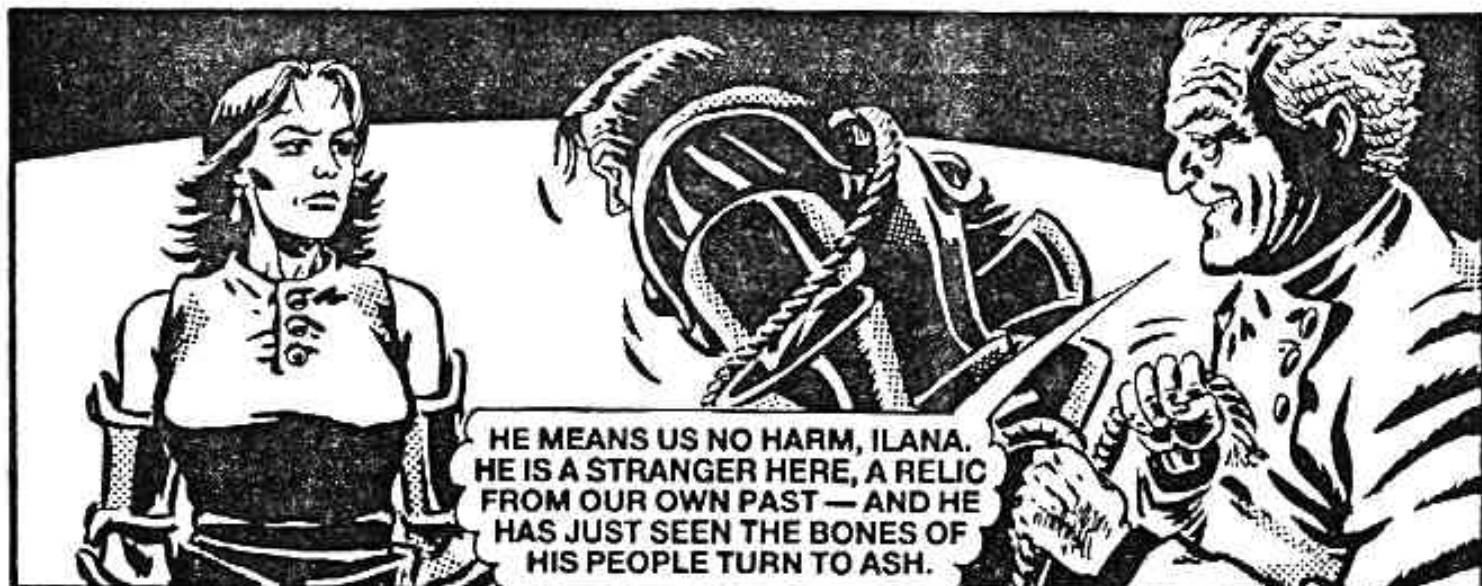
I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT BACK SOMETHING FOR THE POT, ILANA.

NO, HAK, THIS ONE'S ONLY FIT FOR GLUE AFTER A DEAL OF BOILING.



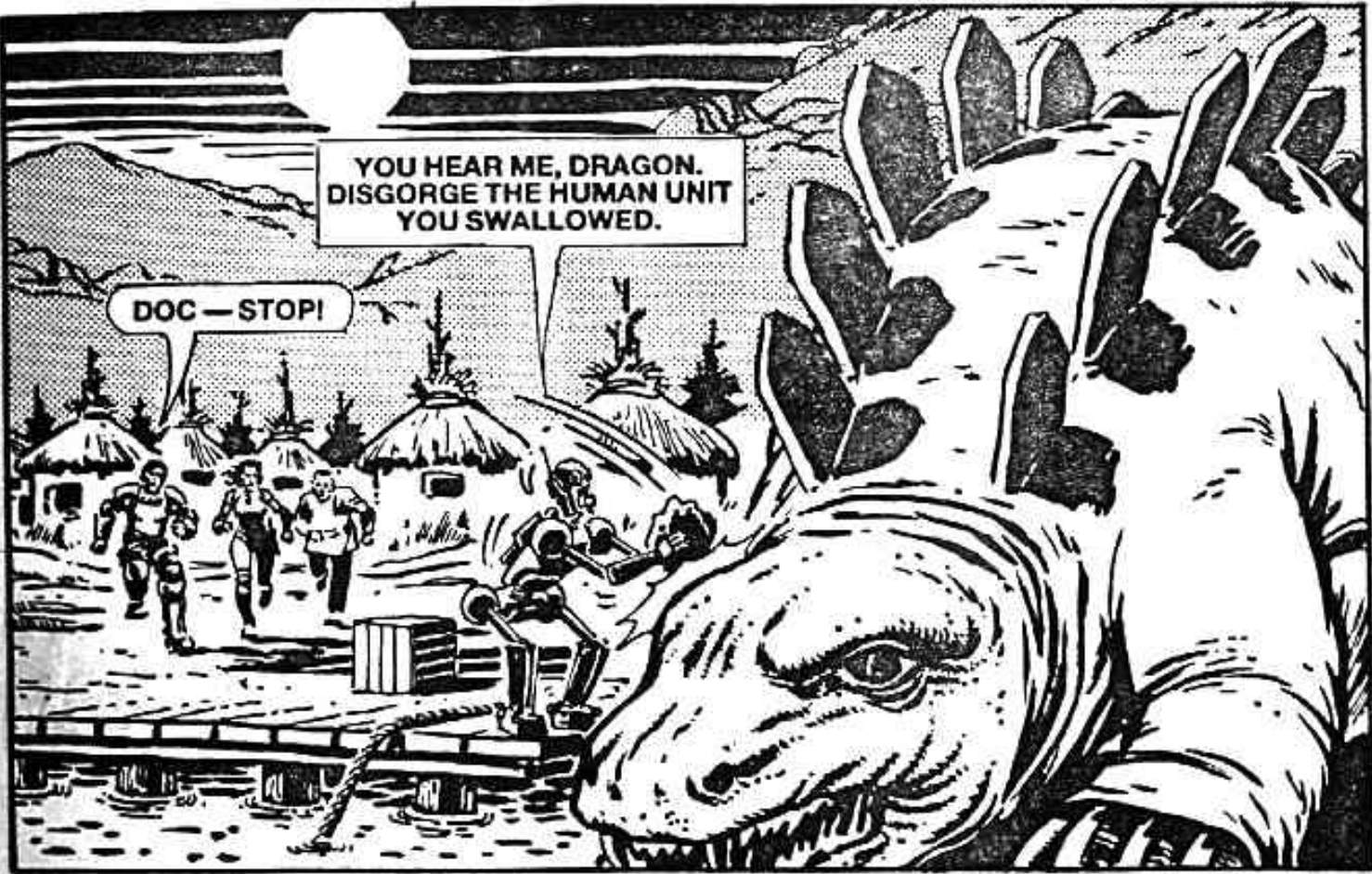






SOLO WAS GIVEN A HISTORY LESSON . . .





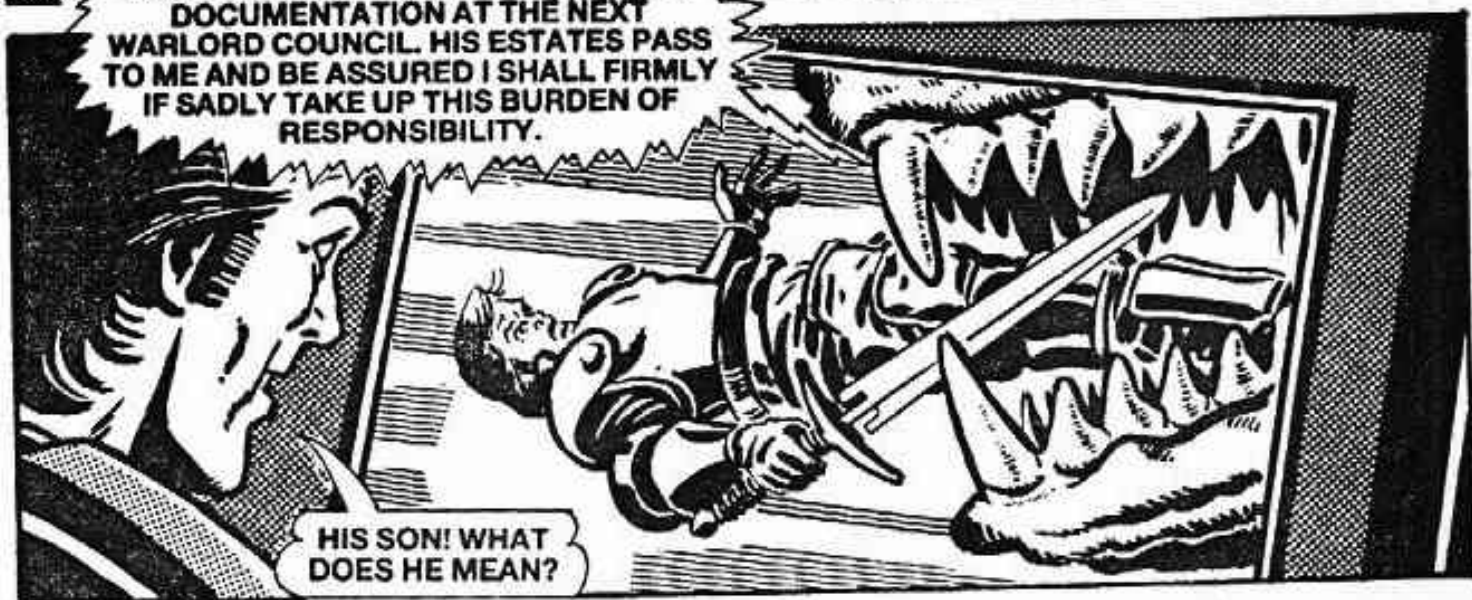
YOU HEAR ME, DRAGON.
DISGORGE THE HUMAN UNIT
YOU SWALLOWED.

DOC — STOP!



THIS IS DOC, THE MEDTECH
WHO RAISED ME AFTER I
LEFT DEEP-FREEZE.

A MECHMAN SKILLED IN
HUMAN AILMENTS. WE
COULD USE SUCH RARE
KNOWLEDGE.





EVEN BAD ADVICE WAS WASTED ON SOLO —

DOC, TIS A POOR KNIGHT
WHO LACKS A CHARGER
AND MUST RIDE THE
SHOULDERS OF HIS
SQUIRE.

UNIT — ER, LORD SOLO, I
REGRET THAT I AM ABOUT
TO TENDER MY NOTICE.

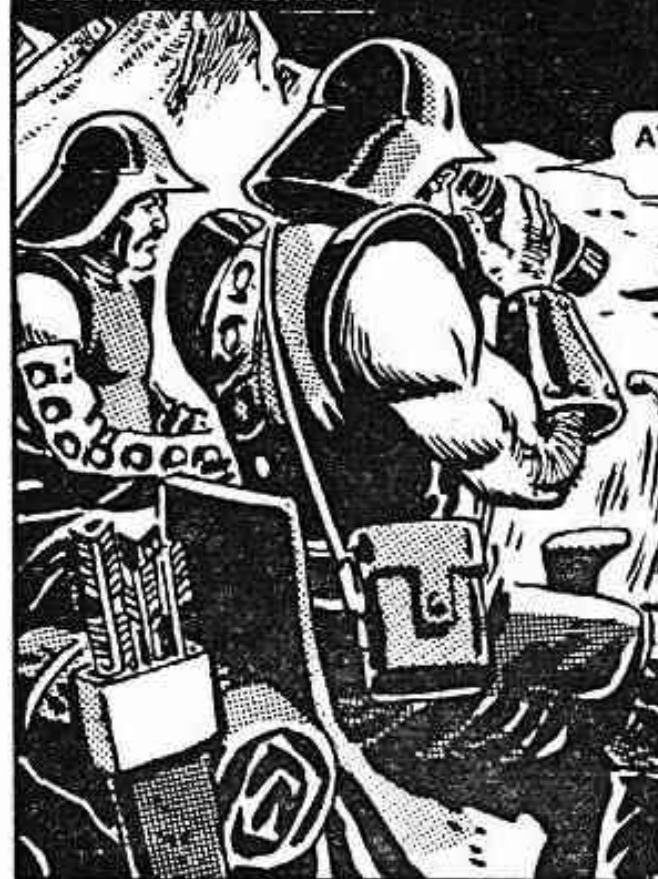


I ASK IS IT LOGICAL I BE YOUR
SQUIRE WHEN THERE ARE MANY
UNITS OF THE TEACHER IN NEED
OF MY MEDTECH SKILL?

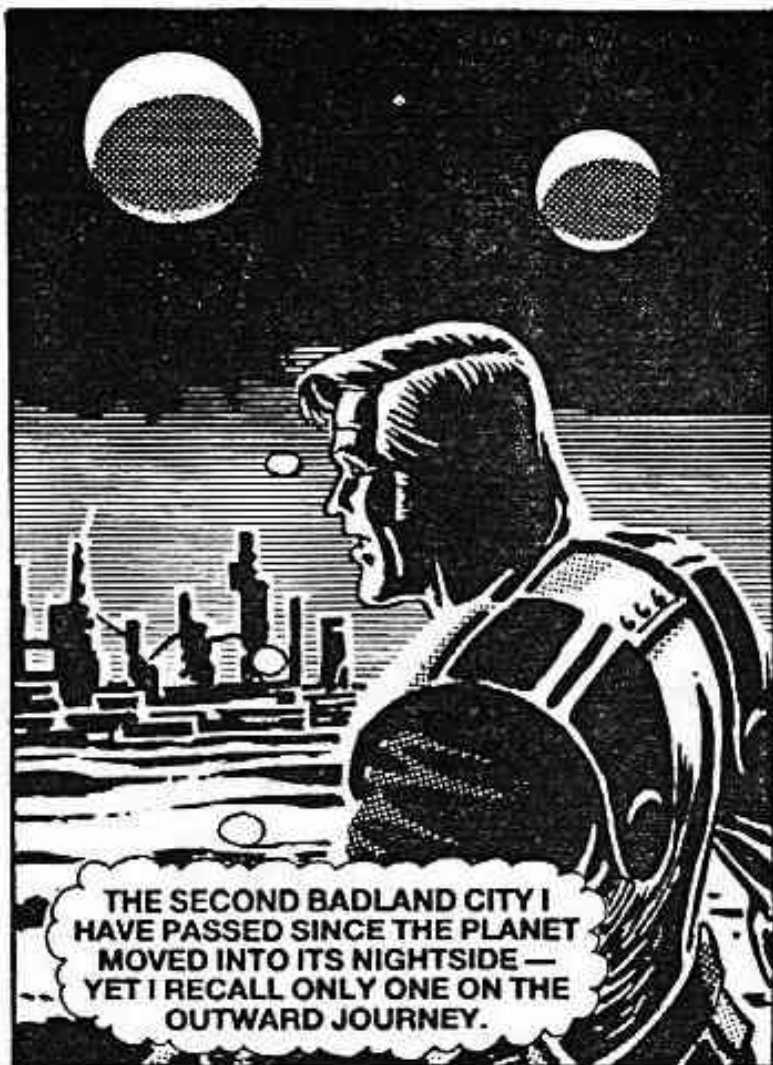


OLD FRIEND, YOU MUST
DO THE DUTY FOR
WHICH YOU WERE
PROGRAMMED — AS
MUST I.

SOLO WENT ON ALONE...



AYE, TIS HE — DISGORGED BY SOME
MAGIC FROM THE MAW OF THE
GRITZEL!



THE SECOND BADLAND CITY I
HAVE PASSED SINCE THE PLANET
MOVED INTO ITS NIGHTSIDE —
YET I RECALL ONLY ONE ON THE
OUTWARD JOURNEY.

THE NEWS WAS BROUGHT TO GAVCHAK...



DAWN...



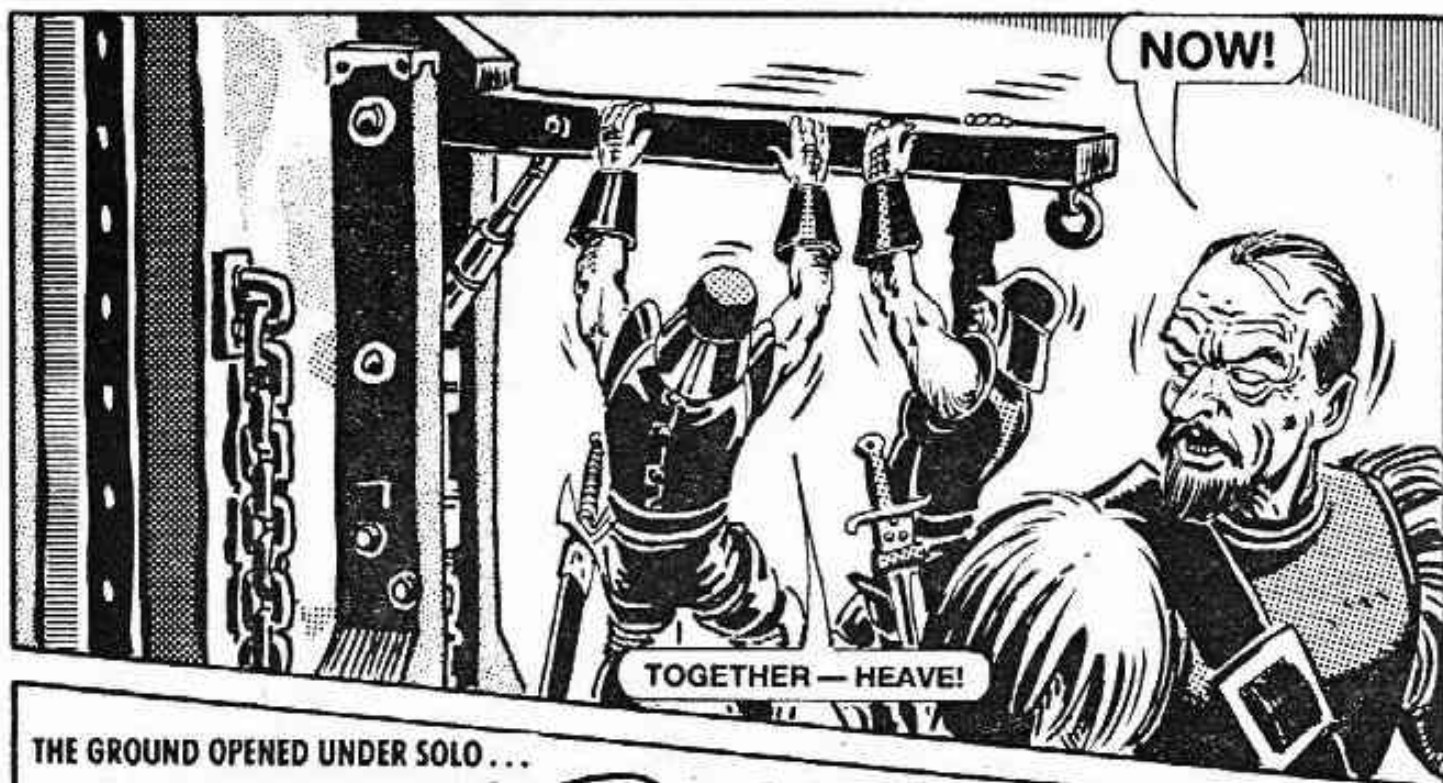
HUH! WHO WOULD WISH ME SUCH AN UNFRIENDLY GOOD MORNING?



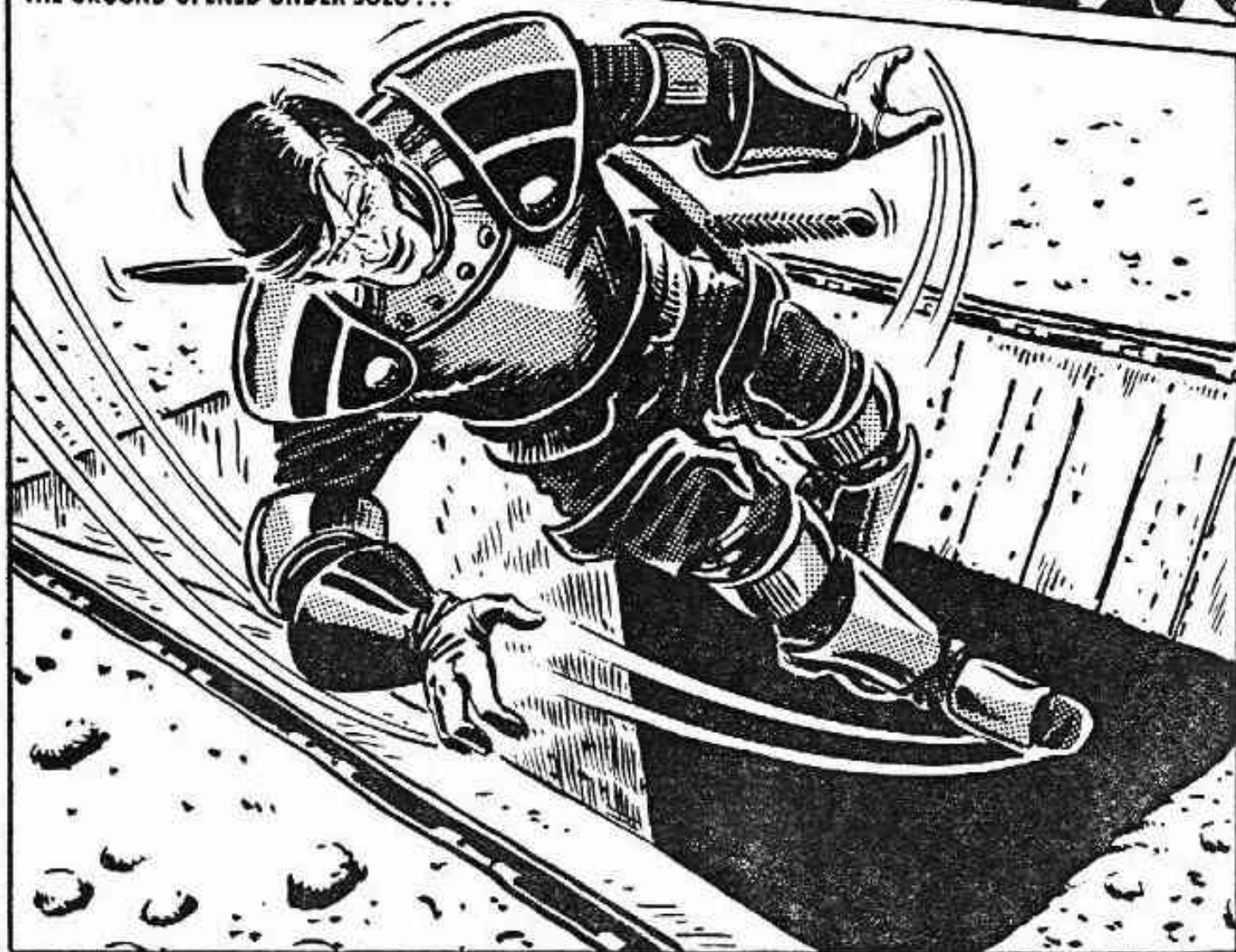






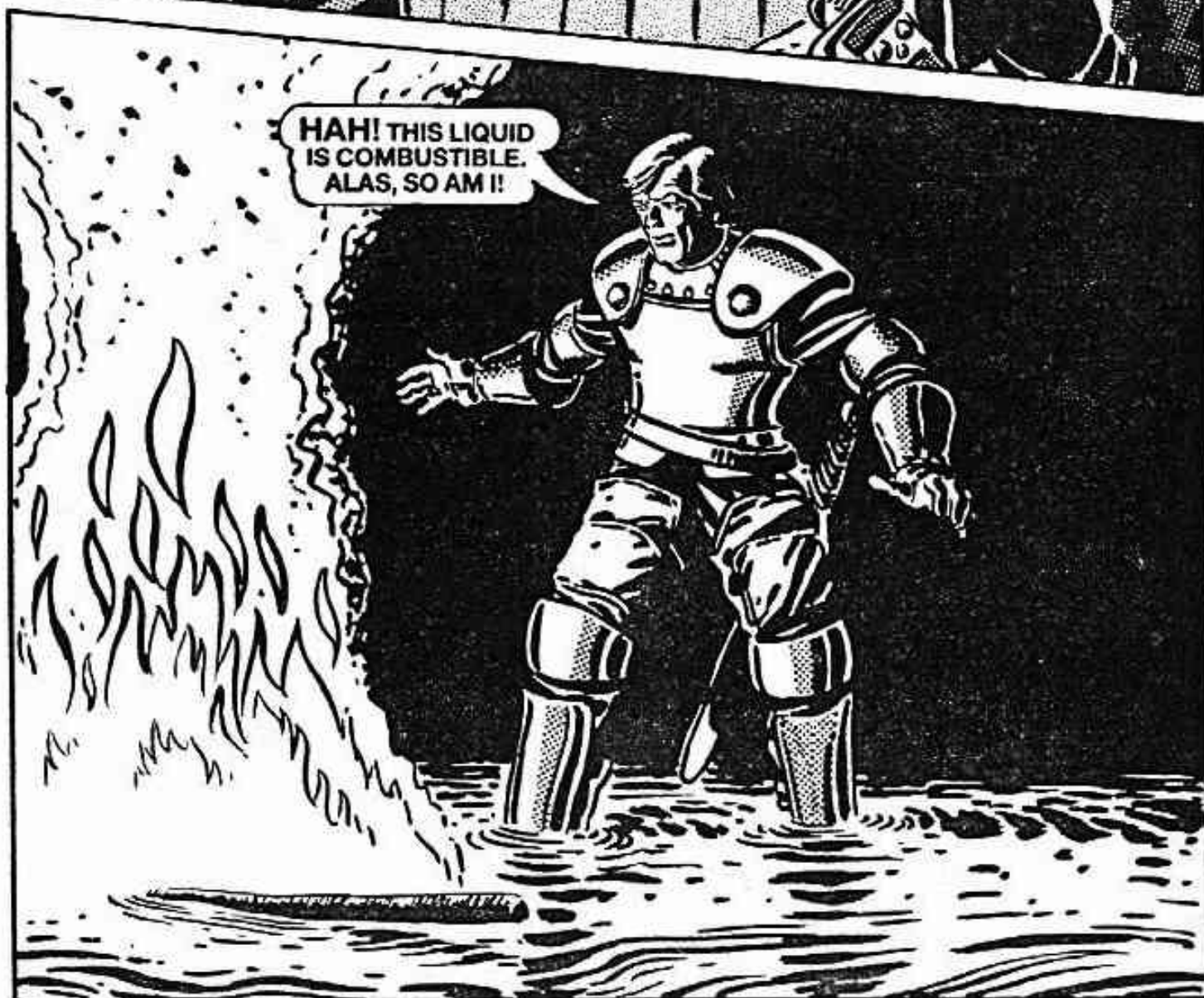


THE GROUND OPENED UNDER SOLO ...















PATIENCE, LORD SOLO. ALLOW US TO CONVEY YOU CLOSER TO THAT SCHEMING VILLAIN.



GAVCHAK HAD UNCRATED HIS 'ULTIMATE WEAPON'

NEXT YOU CENTRE THE CROSS-HAIRS
UPON THE TARGET AND ALL THAT
REMAINS IS TO PULL THE SMALL LEVER.

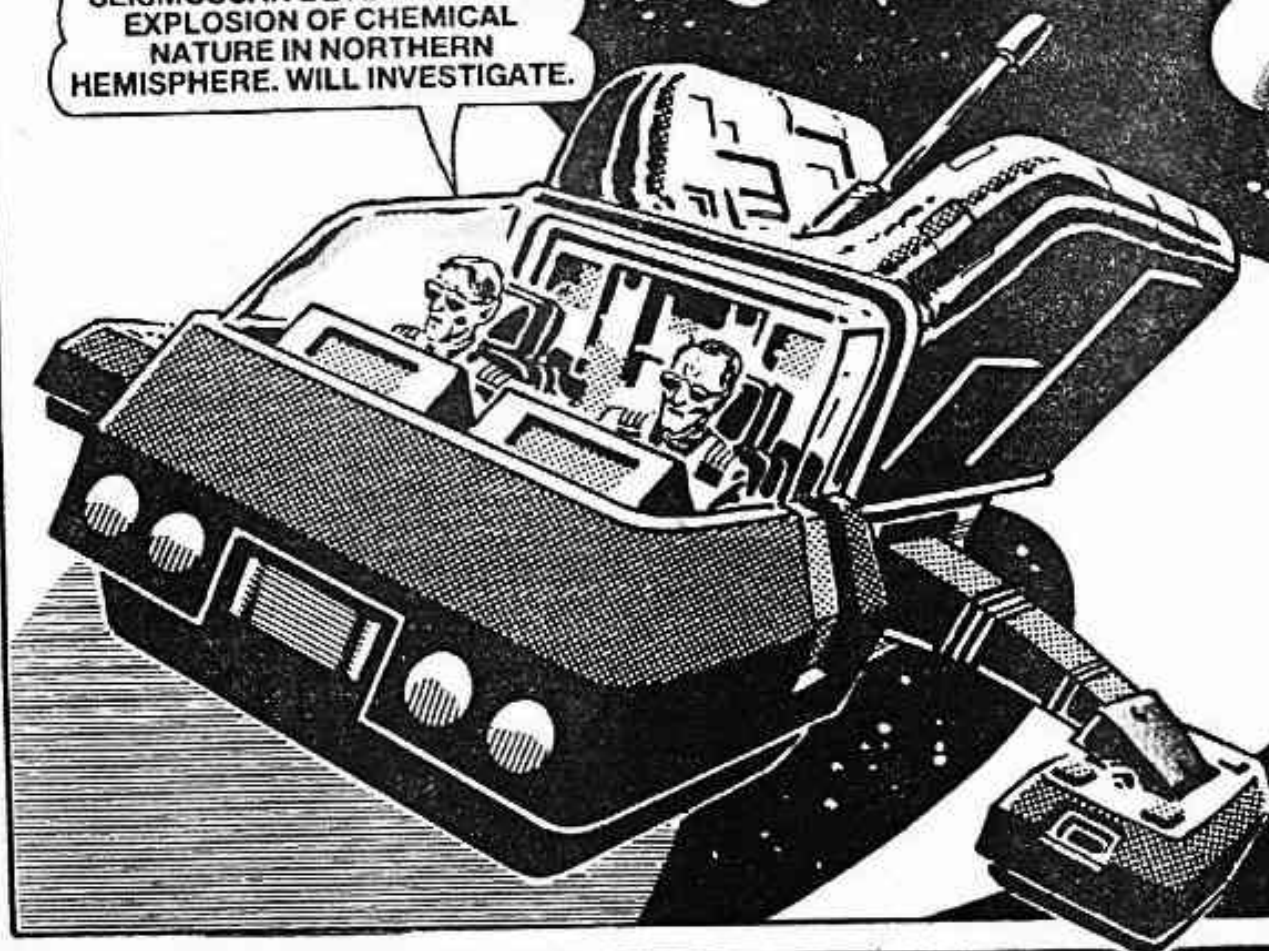
HUM! THIS HAD BETTER WORK
AFTER WHAT IT COST ME.

HAH! IT WORKS.

THWAP

HIGH ABOVE THE PLANET—

SEISMOSCAN DETECTS SMALL
EXPLOSION OF CHEMICAL
NATURE IN NORTHERN
HEMISPHERE. WILL INVESTIGATE.



INSIDE THE GRITZEL ...

AT LEAST WE LIVE, BUT
THE DRIVE IS OFF AND
ALL CONTROL GONE.

FATHER, LOOK AT THE
TURBINE PRESSURE.





GAVCHAK REGARDED HIS KILL . . .

FORTUNATELY THE
HEAD IS INTACT. I
SHALL HAVE IT
MOUNTED ABOVE MY
HIGH CHAIR.

NO BLOOD. OBVIOUSLY THE
VEINS OF THE MONSTER
FLOWED INSTEAD WITH A FOUL
GAS.

WHUMP



THE LAW MADE A BRIEF INSPECTION ...

WELL, LAD, YOU CERTAINLY
SETTLED GAVCHAK'S HASH. NOW
ALL YOU HAVE TO DEAL WITH IS A
THOUSAND OTHER WARLORDS.

WHAT MY PARTNER MEANS IS
THAT YOUR ANCIENT CHARTER
IS ACCEPTED AS LEGAL, BUT
THE GALACTIC POLICE CAN'T
BECOME INVOLVED IN HELPING
YOU TAKE OVER YOUR
PROPERTY.

... AND DEPARTED ...

MY BOY, YOU COULD SELL OUT TO ONE OF
THE GALACTIC COMBINES. THEY WOULD
BRING IN THEIR OWN ARMIES TO SETTLE
MATTERS HERE.

THAT WOULD NOT BE FAIR ON
YOURSELF AND OTHER GOOD PEOPLE
ON THIS PLANET. NO, TEACHER, I AM
OVERLORD AND I SHALL COMMENCE
AT ONCE A KNIGHT ERRANT QUEST
TO BRING PEACE TO ALL.

UNIT — ER, SOLO, FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF HABIT IS DIFFICULT TO BREAK. I WISH BACK MY SITUATION AS SQUIRE.



DOC, YOU HAVE THE POST. FIND ME A GOOD CHARGER, BUT FIRST REMOVE THE CHAINS FROM THE SERFS OF THIS CASTLE.

LORD SOLO, BEING AT A LOOSE END TILL MY NEW GRITZEL IS READY, I HAVE DECIDED TO COME ALONG WITH YOU.



MAID, YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION. YOU MAY BE OF SOME USE IN PREPARING FOOD, CLEANING AND SUCHLIKE TASKS.

SOLO SET OFF ON HIS QUEST . . .



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**DON'T FORGET THIS
MONTH'S *OTHER***

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 203

26p



On sale at your newsagent's ***NOW!***

LORD of the FAR PLANET

Solo, son of a knight, had been educated by a robot teacher with a dodgy memory. As a result, Solo, rightful heir to the fertile Broad Lands of Space, had some pretty peculiar ideas about what a knight should do. To further complicate the issue, the barons that controlled Broad Lands had very precise ideas what to do with an heir who suddenly turned up to spoil their lucrative reign — and it didn't involve a long life.

